PUBLISHED

Charming Bolly Played the Plane. The story of "Dolly Winter" (James Pott (Co.) is told in the form of letters. The title page says that they are "the letters of a friend, which Joseph Harald is permitted to publish." The publishers' notice says that they are "not fiction, but an exceedingly rare correspondence between rare people." Jack purports to write them to his friend Thornton. Most of them are dated from the village of Mossdale (situation not specified), whither Jack went for impressions that are supposed to lie pearest to nature, and where he met Dolly.

Jack was an elaborate letter writer. Though his letters, as we have learned, are not fiction, he was at the pains to give them the appearance that it is the business of the novelist to produce. He reported dialogue carefully and achieved what appear to be studied dramatic effects. If he had written a work of flotion and had not corresponded in truth the result would not have been appreciably different. We dare say that "realism" is involved here and that fiction and truth are finally mar-ried in a work of indubitable history.

The truth of this narrative is perhaps particularly borne out at that point where Jack describes Dolly's playing on the piano. The allegation regarding any young woman that she plays on the plane is wrapped in the atmosphere of truth in the first place. We wish that we could declare undoubtedly to Dolly's credit that she improvised and that she was qualified to achieve a "motif." Jack at first remarked only the beauty of the back of Dolly's head and the curve of her neck. Gradually he became aware that she was improvising the sad story of Miss Gordon, a maiden lady who had been disappointed in love.

We have our own ardent and somewhat pathetic ideas regarding music as it has largely been made known to us. We are going to write an essay some day on the subject of the tonic triplets. We will not speak exhaustively here of Dolly's triumph in sentimental interpretation on the piano. We will bet a sixpence that she interpreted Miss Gordon's history with mathematical emphasis, and that she used the loud treadle; but it is no matter, and we will not be the champions of the other boarders. The point is, after all, that Dolly had "dark, dreamy eyes," and that between her and Jack there established itself, in spite of the piano, an elective affinity. Jack guessed the "motif" before he was gure of it. He was a clever fellow and knew

how to recommend himself. "Hush," said Dolly when he told her what she was playing. She was at once frightened and conquered; and we stand ready to wager that any unattached lady playing on the plano can be conquered by the wooer who will tell her accurately what is in her soul. We should not wonder if it would answer if he should tell her inacourately; but of that we are not sure, being inexpert.

Doubtless Thornton was hard to convince, since Jack had declared Dolly's outlines to be Gredan and Dolly's face to be that of Beatrice Cencl. "Do you actually take me for a fool?" wrote Jack. But he was no fool at all, and when he married Dolly it was precisely the right thing to do. They finished up at the Waldorf-Astoria, and we dare say that the lonely reader has seen them there, promenading felicitously in the display corridor, and that he regarded them at once with approval and with gentle reasonable envy. If Dolly had left the piano silent we ourselves should have loved her just as well; but we know from what we have suffered that our feeling in this matter is of small account.

### The Angry Time in Vicksburg.

It must be, in plenty of cases, that the the story is based is, in brief, that the "Perstrongly moved. Some stories leave out the excitement, but what chance do they have with those whose blood is anxious to be stirred? Perhaps the timid should not take up, but the robust doubtless will seize, Norval Richardson's story of "The Heart of Hope" (Dodd, Mead & Co.).

There was dark rascality in Vicksburg just before the outbreak of the war. A scoundrel fell under a shower of bullets. ching sound as the blade passed through his antagonist's body and scraped on the brick beneath." A good long knife, if the victim was of the ordinary diameter. Two boys had been abducted to satisfy the vengeance of a rude and unimportant person. The boys were bound and gagged in the interests of science and for the sake and thrust through a hole at the further of curing the lady of her malady, allows a had built a deadly smothering fire. It is 'dull thud" in the course of the business. The boys became Yankees and fought on the Federal side.

The reader will recognize the boys, we think, as soon as they reappear, though the story delays the official revelation of their identity. In all the plays and stories that we recall, the soldiers who fought in the civil war were considerate and polite people. of the lady's husband. They shot one another, but they exchanged whisky and tobacco with the greatest to the time we find indeed a measure of complaint. Gen. Butler was charged with stealing spoons. It was hitterly written of him:

Great Bethel boasts a hero
Who was not in the van,
New Orieans has a Nero
Ben Buller is the man,
And are the detestation
And universal seorn
And curses of a nation

But these things were not in any novel, or later and more considerate literature that we remember. In plenty of fiction that we have seen, the war between the North and South was most politely waged. Our wish and even our trust fawor the politeness, and yet here we find our warring people grossly rude to one another. The soldiers of the North keep their hats on in the presence of beautiful Southern ladies. Men of the Federal army jeer the lovely heroine in circumstances where men in any other employment and anywhere else in the world would bite their tongues off before they would do such a thing.

It all comes out right in the end. The two abducted Southern boys, though engaged on the Federal side, have the right and the polite spirit. Heredity conquers environment. We do not know what Mr. Buckle would say to this, but for ourselves, we are glad to see politeness, no matter what its origin.

In Nuremberg the Ancient.

We should be untrue to our instinct of fellow if we neglected to say that Isabella Macfarlane's story of "A Royal Knight" G. W. Dillingham Company) has its scene in the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow lands rise the blue Franconian mountains, and where also, central and great attraction in that charming landwas a gala day in Nuremberg," the story begins. Those of us who have been there and too minute elaboration of sheeking can think with regret that we have been details. The dramatic interest focuses unable to avail ourselves of Benjamin upon Amanda of the Mill, who has an en-

Franklin's scheme of suspended animation. to the end that we might have beheld Nuremberg at the time of this story, and that we might still be alive to see the Brook-

yn Bridge and the subway. We have heard that Nuremberg has hanged since we saw it, at which time, in our rejoicing eyes, it had not changed at all. We remember distinctly seeing Hans Sachs half-soling boots while you waited. If we say nothing of Albrecht Dürer, or of the local gingerbread, it is because we feel the vanity of certain announcements. We have or did have a little wooden statue of Dürer that we bought in Nuremberg. It is anatomically as correct as the subject's own products were before he went to Italy and learned how human beings were shaped. The painter, the cobbler, and the Emperor Maximilian who fought the Turks and did the Steeple Jack act on the extravagant heights of the Ulm Cathedral, are all in this story.

We have liked the tale. At a great military parade in Nuremberg, Barbars, a beautiful maiden, was trampled by the horse of Frederick, the hero. Frederick leaped from his guilty steed. "Are you hurt, fair maiden?" he inquired. She said faintly that she had only a few bruises. He called on her at her lowly home in the Kleinestrasse. She immediately loved him. He thought to possess her without the ceremony of marriage. She said to him: "What do you take me for, Herr Schönberg? How dare you offer such to the contrary, but experience and our an insult to the daughter of my fatherown truthful habit do not permit us. It is to the child of the angel woman whom I have the privilege to call mother?"

He was that angry and his passion was so great that he caused her mother to be apprehended for a witch. Barbara cried out at the trial: "Herr Schönberg, save my mother!" He drew her aside and said, shockingly: "On one condition." Her eyes flashed fire. "No!" she said. "Death rather than dishonor." She was cast into a dungeon and put to the rack. The dungeon was "dark and noisome." The Emperor, who was sojourning at Würzburg forty miles away, was exhorted. He fought with Schönberg in behalf of the maltreated maiden. He overthrew Schönberg in the lists. Barbara threw herself upon Schönberg's mailed breast and saved his life. He came out all right in soul as well as in body, and made Barbara and us happy.

There is a boar hunt in the tale. An athletic nobleman seizes a large and furious boar by the bristles on his back and holds him fast while a companion kills him with a sword. There is a "banquet" after this, with "savory viands." It made us hungry to read about it. Everything turned out well. A magnanimous and noble tale. We are glad it came our way.

An Interesting Feat of the Imagination.

The mantle of Jules Verne must have fallen upon the shoulders of Mr. Vincent Harker, whose new novel, "The Mortgage on the Brain," is a most original and audacious conception of historical romance, and For a long time Jack denied to his friend the shade of Edgar Allan Poe must look on approvingly at the daring and ingenious feats of the author's imagination in the realm of scientific fiction. Mr. Harper does not employ scientific possibilities in the superficial manner of the former master, nor does he seek to bring about the grotesquely horrible effects which Poe produced. He simply projects the scientific and psychological speculation and experiment of the day to imaginary conclusions, which he presents so forcefully that, however much the reader's credulity is taxed, they seem not only possible, but convincing. The writer's style is terse, concise and direct as befits scientific argument, but the book is absorbingly interesting, full of unanticipated surprises and so adroitly manipulated in the matter of plot that the reader's suspense is prolonged to the conclusion. The scientific hypothesis upon which

reader of a story feels himself grateful to sonality" of every human being, the Self merely a combination of conditions and capacities produced by external or hereditary forces and which may be played upon, subjected to and changed by other external forces in a purely scientific manner to produce any desired psychological effect-that the so-called "Personality" may be taken from any individual and another Personality substituted by scientific means. Finally Dying he drew a knife and "there was a that the tyrant "Personality" has a mortgage on the brain of man which it is the province of science to cancel.

The dramatic interest of the book centers upon two individuals-Lady Tolbeth, who has a dual personality of the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde order; and Dr. Croft, who, end of a cave in front of which avengers | double personality to be thrust upon him by what might be called a psychological impossible not to record that there was a operation. Romantic interest focuses upon the scientific young physician after the operation has transformed him into an idealist in love and Lady Tolbet in her voluptuous personality. They meet in Dresden and have a love affair which is very intense while it lasts and brings about complications that the scientific physician finds difficult to adjust to the satisfaction

A brief review of this remarkably ingenious book can present only what will seem cordiality. In certain history immediate like a mass of detached and preposterous absurdities. The skill of the author coordinates them into a very clever and entertaining study, particularly to those who have felt within themselves the antagonism of warring personalities. The book is published by Doubleday, Page and Company.

Amanda of the Mill.

"Amanda of the Mill" has been described as "a long story and a strong one"-in fact, it is altogether too long and more ponderous and elaborate in treatment than the theme, which is of local rather than universal nterest, warrants. In short, it is a literary craft in which the engine is too powerful for the boat. Moreover, it is an unpleasant tale to read, with its long succession of harrowing details, its wearisome dialect of the Southern mountains and its unduly protracted denouement. The writer's style is lacking in simplicity, is indirect and labored with an occasional slip in English, like "I can't never be," which the rules of a primary grammar could adjust, and the introduction of words like "preclousment" and "beautiless," which have or ought to have a Henry James copyright.

The story is a curious mixture of grim realism and florid melodrama; an up to date problem novel, with the creaking machinery of the old time plot-the heroine, a mill girl, adopted by a wealthy woman and returning with foreign costumes and a foreign accent to be a benefactress of her people; poetical memory and to the poet Long- the hero a man of the people of doubtful birth and intemperate habits who rises to be the leader of the strike and discovers that he is the son of the wicked oppressor, the heavy villain; the mill owner him The problem presented is the unhappy condition of the mill workers-the white slaves in the Southern mountains, but the scape. Nuremberg the ancient stands. "It | reader's sympathy is exhausted rather than PUBLICATIONS

The May number of Country Life in America is a joy from its Red Flamingo cover to the last of its 136 splendid, great pages and superb pictures.

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gaging freshness and naive charm of her own in spite of her dialect until a foreign education has done its deadly work and reduced her to the level of the common lot. The hero is throughout an unheroic figure and scarcely worth all the pains the author and Amanda take to rescue him over and over again from his intemperate habits. It goes without explanation that he saves his father's life in the usual way during the inevitable strike of the mill hands, and the tale ends in an opportune flood which drowns all the wicked people like Pharaoh and his charlots in the Red Sea and removes all obstacles to the union of Amanda and the hero whom she loves in spite of his weakness. The story contains no elements of appealing interest, no illuminating passages, no endearing quali-ties that could persuade a reader to turn back and read any part of it a second time. The condition of the mill workers is truly deplorable, but there doesn't seem to be anything to do about it but to forget it. The book is written by Marie Van Vorst and published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

Novelties in Language Texts.

One of the hindrances in the teaching of modern languages is the limited number of books available. Publishers and editors seem to delight in bringing out new editions of certain venerable stand-bys in French and German, driving the teacher who wishes to get out of the ruts to using foreign importations, which are seldom wholly satisfactory. For Spanish and Italian, until recently, the scarcity of available books was pitiful. It is a pleasure, therefore, to point out the enterprise of publishers who venture to enlarge the field of choice by introducing new authors and new

The highest commendation must be given to the American Book Company's Spanish texts. Some of the books that have been issued, recent literary works of wide notoriety, were better suited, perhaps, for the general public than for the classroom, but no such criticism can apply to the two texts before us. Juan Valera is one of the most delightful of modern Spanish authors, marked out as much by his wit and humor as by the simplicity and elegance of his style, and Mr. Rudolph Schwill of Yale University has done good service to peda-gogy in cutting down his "El Commendador Mendoza" to classroom requirements. Dr. Samuel Garner in editing Manuel Breton de los Herreros's "? Quien Es Ella?" provides a natural introduction to the study of Calderon and Lope de Vega in a modern verse play free from idlomatic and other obscurities. Both texts are provided with vocabularies, with suitable introductions and with sensible notes.

In "Tales of France" (American Book Company) Prof. Arnold Guyot Cameron of Princeton University introduces some very new men. The selections are good and interesting and marked by strong French patriotic feeling. Jules Clarétie is the senior of the story tellers. In a book provided with an elementary vocabulary Prof. Cameron's inpressionistic essay on the short story seems out of place, while the only standard employed in his extraordinary list of collections of tales seems to be that the title shall contain the word "Contes." It is amazing to find Armand Silvestre and Catulle Mendès recommended to American youth. Prof. Cameron's own collection, however, is unexceptionable and a distinct help to teachers.

The additions to German schoolbooks are two. An extract from the literary Continued on Eighth Page.

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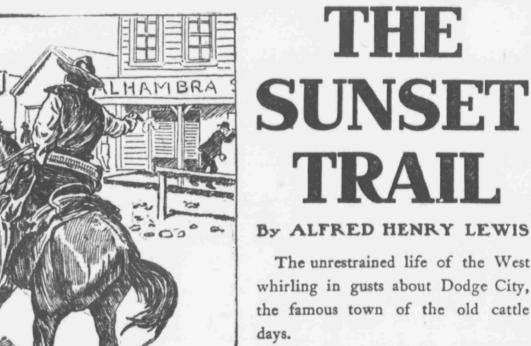
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The SUN enthusiastically praises AFTER THE DIVORCE, by Grazia Deledda. (\$1.50.) It says:

No perfunctory rendering could be quite as charming as this tale in its English dress. This is realism, too, but it is realism with that proper concomitant also, realistic imagination. We venture to suppose that peasants of Sardinia never felt and never expressed quite all the poetry that we find here. It is a delight to us that somebody has expressed it. . . . The story is full of curious and vivid pictures. . . . The chapter relating the return of Costantino from prison will take strong hold of the reader if he is at all like us. . . Altogether a remarkable story, and we are very glad indeed that it has come our way."

In view of the lively discussion in the SUN of the foibles of Americans abroad, the readers of that paper may find considerable amusement in "There's Only One Noo York" and seven other stories of Americans Europe, in Loomis' CHEERFUL AMERICANS.

### of which seven printings have been called for. (\$1.25.) THREE TALES OF MYSTERY

that the public appears to like, while the critics speak well of them, THE HOUSE OF THE BLACK RING,



a story of "a Pennsylvania Juliet." (Just published -second edition already in press. \$1.50.) THE MARATHON MYSTERY, a tale of Manhattan and Long Island. (6th printing. \$1.50.) RED-HEADED CILL, a Cornwall Romance.

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# Marriage William Ashe

The

PUBLICATIONS

Harper's Book News

"I seldom read novels," said a prominent business man the other day, "but if there's another book out as good as this one I want to know it. I'm told it's a marvel in a literary way. I'm no judge of that, but I do know that the time I spent reading the book was a good investment,-and my time's worth money. I'm not out to encourage novel reading, but when a book like that comes along it's too good to miss."

He was speaking of The Marriage of William Ashe, Mrs. Humphry Ward's great new novel. Every one remembers her last book-Lady Rose's Daughter. This is a bigger, deeper, more absorbing story in every way. The heroine is spoken of by critics as the most fascinating creation of wayward womanhood in fiction. Her wrongdoing seems almost moral.

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Mr. Pennycook's Boy

Bright, humorous short stories by J. J. Bell, author of Wee Macgreegor, dealing with inci-dents of child life in the streets of Glasgow. Among the little lads here to be met with is our old friend Wee Macgreegor, as captivating as ever.

### Sanna

Just as in Miss Waller's previous novel, The Woodcarver of 'Lympus, the reader felt in intimate touch with the woods and hills of the Green Mountains, so in Sanna one breathes the pungent salt air and feels the charm of the quaint old town of Nantucket. Sanna is altogether bewitching in her girlish coquetry and charm.

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